

The most lamentable Tragedie

*Exit all but Marcus and Titus.*

*Marcus.* My Lord to step out of these drie dumps,  
How comes it that the subtle Queene of *Gothes*,  
Is of a sodaine thus aduanc'd in Rome.

*Titus.* I know not *Marcus*, but I know it is.  
(Whether by deuise or no, the heauens can tell.)  
Is she not then beholding to the man,  
That brought her for this high good turne so farre.

*Enter the Emperour, Tamora and her two sonnes, with the Moore  
at one doore. Enter at the other doore Bascianus and  
Lavinia, with others.*

*Saturnine.* So *Bascianus*, you haue plaid your prize,  
God giue you ioy fir of your gallant Bride.

*Bascianus.* And you of yours my Lord, I say no more,  
Nor wish no lesse, and so I take my leaue.

*Saturnine.* Traytor, if Rome haue law, or we haue power,  
Thou and thy faction shall repent this Rape.

*Bascianus.* Rape call you it my Lord to ceaze my owne,  
My true betrothed loue, and now my wife:  
But let the lawes of Rome determine all,  
Meane while am I posselt of that is mine.

*Saturnine.* Tis good sir, you are very short with vs.  
But if we liue, wee be as sharpe with you.

*Bascianus.* My Lord what I haue done as best I may.  
Answer I must, and shall doo with my life,  
Onely thus much I giue your Grace to know,  
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,  
This Noble Gentleman Lord *Titus* heere,  
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,  
That in the rescue of *Lavinia*,  
With his owne hand did slay his youngest sonne,  
In zeale to you, and highly mou'd to wrath,

of *Titus*

To be contrould in that he f  
Receau him then to fauour  
That hath exprest himselfe in  
A Father and a friend to the

*Titus.* Prince *Bascianus* le  
Tis thou, and those, that haue  
Rome and the righteous heau  
How I haue lou'd and honour

*Tamora.* My worthy Lor  
Were gracious in those princ  
Then heare me speake indiffe  
And at my sute (sweete) pard

*Satur.* What Madam, be d  
And basely put it vp without

*Tamora.* Not so my Lor  
I should be Author to dishon  
But on mine honour dare I v  
For good Lord *Titus* innocen  
Whose furie not dissembled f  
Then at my sute looke gracio  
Loose not so noble a friend o  
Nor with sowe lookes afflic

My Lord, be rulde by me,  
Dissemble all your greefes an  
You are but newly planted in  
Least then the people, and P  
Vpon a iust suruay take *Titus*  
And so supplant you for ingr  
Which *Rome* reputes to be a h  
Yeelde at intreates: and then  
He finde a day to massacre the  
And race their faction and the  
The cruell Father, and his tray  
To whom I sued for my deere

To